

A Type by TheAddict4Dramatics

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Summary:

‘You've got chemistry, history, plus the real shit: Shared trauma.’ So I give you chemistry, history and the real shit Jopper style. Or: Joyce gets insecure and stupid and freaks out when she realises Hopper traditionally has a ‘type’ of woman that he goes for and she’s not it.

A Type

Author's Note:

I know Murray was talking about Nancy/Jonathan but this is a such a Jopper quote too.

Happy reading!

It wasn't exactly what Hopper would have described as a fancy restaurant but it was as fancy as Hawkins got and he'd wanted to mark the occasion in some way. They'd been – well he wasn't exactly sure what to call it – dating? Sleeping together? Being official? Creating a makeshift family together? Whatever it was they'd been doing it for a year and he wanted to take her out to dinner to celebrate.

The waitress that led them to their booth at the back of the restaurant seemed awfully familiar to Hopper but he couldn't place her. But then it was him and a pretty girl in Hawkins so it didn't take a detective to work out the most likely scenario as to how the two were acquainted. Hopper felt slightly ashamed he couldn't put any specific memory to her face though, he couldn't even remember her name.

The mystery waitress kept glancing back over her shoulder as she led the pair to their table, sending Hopper looks that went literally over Joyce's head who was walking in between the two. Joyce no doubt could decipher their meaning just as easily as Hopper – the woman was hardly being subtle.

As they settled into their reserved booth the waitress offered them both their menus before pausing and placing a hand on Hopper's shoulder, letting it linger there as she spoke:

"Let me know when I can get you guys anything... it's good to see you again Chief." And with that she sauntered away, leaving yet another suggestive look in Hopper's direction as she did so.

"Friend of yours?" Joyce asked casually as she studied her menu.

Hopper inwardly cursed –it was hardly the best start to the evening but he hoped Joyce would take it in her stride as there was clearly no threat from this woman whose name he could not even recall.

“No... well maybe she used to be.”

“Maybe?”

“I don’t exactly remember every encounter.” Copious amounts of alcohol and pills would have that effect and why the hell would he want to remember it now anyhow. Hopper looked over the top of his menu to see Joyce still staring intently at hers. Her facial expression was unreadable.

“Classy.” She said coolly after a couple of moments’ silence.

Hopper looked at her once more. He had never made any secret of his past antics – there’d have been no point anyway – it had been one of the hottest topics in a town starved of good gossip and Joyce had no doubt heard it all in the store or at the school gates anyway. They’d never discussed it in any detail and he had always assumed she’d just accepted it even if she’d never be happy with it. But then he supposed accepting it and coming face to face with it on an anniversary dinner were two very different things. He was hoping they could just move on from the subject as quickly as possible and start enjoying their night properly.

“Well she most likely was an old friend of yours... she’s just your type.” Joyce continued, still refusing to look up at him.

“My type?”

“Yeah, you always go for the same kind of women, you definitely have a type.” When he didn’t answer this Joyce finally met his eye though her expression was still entirely neutral. He raised one of his eyebrows in a silent challenge for her to continue. She might be staying neutral but he was losing patience with this topic of conversation and fast. “You know, you always go for tall, blonde girls that are stupidly pretty.”

“And that’s my type is it?” Hopper answered, the sarcasm dripping

from his voice. He almost made a comment along the lines of 'because you fit that description so perfectly yourself, don't you?' But he thought better of it. It was becoming clear she was looking for a fight and he had no idea why.

"It always has been." Joyce said defensively, even going as far as to square her shoulders. Oh she was looking for a fight all right. "Even in High School... Chrissy Carpenter in the back of your dad's old car... Diane..." Hopper's eyes widened at the mention of his ex-wife's name. Did she even know what Diane looked like? Had she ever even seen a picture? He didn't know, but bringing up Diane was a sure sign she was not about to play fair. "And countless other Hawkins' women since then." Joyce finished at last. She held Hopper's gaze for a moment but the hurt in his eyes was too much so looked back down and focused on the menu once more.

Hopper let her words hang heavy in the air around them for a few moments before he cleared his throat to reply:

"You know this seems like a stupid question but have I done something to make you mad at me?"

His voice was surprisingly calm and even. He was still pissed off at the sudden ambush but he was starting to get concerned about where all of this was coming from. And more childishly it was obvious she wanted him to get angry, to provoke a reaction from him, so he was stubbornly trying to deny her that.

"No I'm not mad, I'm just saying that's all." Joyce accompanied her words with a shrug of the shoulders.

He figured that it was supposed to look nonchalant but it didn't. The tension in her neck carried itself all the way down her spine and she clutched the menu so tightly in her hands it shook with the effort of it. All of this couldn't be just because some overfamiliar waitress had paid him a little attention, even one that he had slept with years before. Joyce was behaving as if he had slept with her last week or something.

"It's just funny that you and me ended up together is all." Joyce informed him quietly, still trying and failing to sound carefree.

“Funny?”

She looked up at him briefly before training her eyes straight back down on that damn menu that frankly he was close to ripping out of her hands. He wished she'd just say what she wanted to say because this dancing around whatever it was that was upsetting her was making him seriously angry. They weren't kids anymore and they were capable of talking like actual grown up people, or so he had thought.

“I mean it's not difficult to figure out why we did... we have so much shared history so it's fairly easy for us to be comfortable around each other... and everything we've been through the last few years means we get each other... and it all works so well with the kids and the five of us fitting together so nicely. It's easy and comfortable. And that's why we got together... not because of any great attraction... on your part anyway. And that's fine.”

It sounded anything but fine. And how the hell could it have been fine any way. Hopper sat in silence, completely dumbfounded by what she had said. There's no way she could have actually meant that, surely. No way she had spent the past year believing that absolute horseshit – was there?

Hopper squeezed his eyes shut and pinched the bridge of his nose in frustration. He thought that had been doing okay, clearly he'd been wrong.

“Just so I'm getting this absolutely straight in my head – what you're saying is that we got together because it was comfortable and easy and not because I'm sexually attracted to you.”

Joyce shrugged her shoulders once more but this time she didn't even try to appear uncaring or angry – she just looked sad. But Hopper wasn't ready to see that yet, he was still too irritated at the whole situation, at the fact that ten minutes ago his relationship had been going from strength to strength and now it appeared to be drowning – getting sucked in closer and closer to the black hole just like everything else.

“Yeah I mean that's clearly true isn't it?!” Hopper demanded,

sarcastic and angry. "I never want to sleep with you, do I? We never sleep together. That was proven this very morning."

She blushed at the mention of their morning encounter. The kids had all been in school early and he'd found her finishing up getting ready in the bathroom. One thing had led to another very quickly and before they knew it he had been taking her from behind, work uniforms pushed to one side, him pressing her further into the edge of the sink with each thrust and both of them watching the other in the bathroom mirror. It had been highly charged and wildly erotic. And god how had it only been that morning and now she was accusing him of not being attracted to her.

Her blush seemed to release the other emotions she was trying desperately to keep inside as tears sprung to her eyes in an instant. She darted a hand to her face to wipe them away before they had a chance to fall, her bottom lip trembling with the effort. At once all of the anger left him. He reached over and took the hand still gripping her menu, stroking it gently to try and comfort her. He wanted to scoot over and envelope her in his arms but he knew she wouldn't appreciate that in such a public place. As it was she pulled away from his touch and he sighed in frustration.

"Joy..." He breathed softly. His tone so different to what it had just been. "Look of course there is something in what you said – we do have shared history and shared trauma and that is part of the reason that we got together. But do you know what the other part is?" She looked up at him but didn't answer. "Chemistry. I'm hugely attracted to you Joy, seriously I am. I can barely keep my hands off of you most of the time. If Jonathan accidentally catches us one more time I think he is actually going to murder me in my sleep and I wouldn't even blame the kid. Every time his back is turned I'm trying to get into his mom's pants!"

She gave a little laugh to this though it came out as more of a snuffle and she used the napkin to wipe at her eyes and nose.

"I don't care that I may have had a type in the past because you blew that out of the water when we got together, just like you pretty much blew everything else out of the water too." Hopper told her sincerely. She offered him a small smile but he couldn't tell if she believed him

or not yet. “And not just now in High School too. Do you remember why I stopped messing around with Chrissy Carpenter in the back of my old man’s car?.. Because I started messing around with you under the bleachers.” This produced a wider smile at the memories it provoked. Now those had been some good times. No worries, no responsibilities, just endless possibilities and all the future in the world. “And we got together this time because no matter what the situation we kept finding ourselves with you trapped beneath me, kissing me until I couldn’t even see straight. Maybe we’ve got some issues Joy but sexual attraction sure isn’t one of them.”

As he finished speaking she continued to study him intently as if trying to search for the truth in his face alone. He held her gaze silently, he wanted to reach out to her again but he didn’t dare – she had a much better poker face than he did and still he couldn’t work out if he’d done enough to convince her of what he saw as the undeniable truth. He’d never wanted anyone in his life the way he wanted her. His seemingly eternal desire even worried him slightly because he knew he needed her too much, in every aspect, but he couldn’t help himself.

After several long moments of silence Joyce opened her mouth to speak but she stopped abruptly.

“I’m sorry.” She said suddenly before rising from the table and dashing towards the exit.

“Joy... Joyce...” Hopper called after her but she didn’t turn back. “Shit!” He exclaimed as he rose from the table himself and drew out his wallet. He threw a few crumpled notes on the table, they hadn’t so much as ordered a water yet, and then headed out after her.

He saw her as soon as he exited the restaurant. She was standing a few feet away from the door, leaning against the wall and biting at her nail nervously. He had the keys to her car in his pocket but he had no idea if she was waiting for him or not. At least she wasn’t trying to walk home alone in the dark.

He approached her slowly but as soon as she saw him she all but jumped him – throwing herself into his very surprised arms and devouring his mouth with her own. He was shocked into stillness for

a moment before he began to respond naturally, without thinking. He wrapped his arms around her and kissed her back with just as much passion, walking her back until she was against the wall once again and he was towering over her, her body pressed into his in every available way. He knew they needed to talk but as he had just admitted he could barely see straight when she kissed him like this let alone think rationally.

“Joy!” He gasped as they broke apart for air, both of them taking big, gasping breaths and him holding her face in his hands. She responded by kissing him again with just as much heat, her tongue seeking out his greedily. “What’s going on?” He asked as they broke apart once more a few moments later. She was panting against his nose and mouth trying to catch her breath and she closed her eyes at his question. He kissed her closed eyes gently or as gently as he could manage at that moment and leant his forehead against hers as they both tried to control their breathing.

“I was just being an insecure idiot. I’m sorry.” She told him quietly with her eyes still closed.

She should have probably told him why she had gotten so upset. She should have told him about the two old busybodies she had overheard in the store earlier, discussing why on earth the Chief of Police had chosen to burden himself with a crazy, poor, single mother of two when he could have had any number of other prettier, younger, uncomplicated women in the town. And how she had let their malicious gossip fester inside her, increasing all of her own insecurities and how seeing one of the said younger and prettier other options this evening had made everything ten times worse, had made her lose her mind a little bit. She should have told him that and she would another time. But right then she just wanted to carry on kissing him until he made her feel like he had done that morning when they had been getting ready for work, before she had let the rest of the world come in and ruin it.

“Okay so next time you’re feeling insecure you think maybe we can talk about it like actual adults instead of you accusing me of all this messed up stuff?” He asked her softly. She nodded in agreement. “Because you know you have nothing to be insecure about right? I meant what I said in there, all of it... and I love you.” At last she

opened her eyes and offered him a big, bright smile. He couldn't help but smile back.

And then they were kissing again – tongues seeking, hands roaming, hips bucking and it was lucky it was too late for new customers to be coming into the restaurant because the embrace was quickly becoming indecent.

“Hop...” Joyce moaned between searing kisses. Hopper made some small noise of acknowledgement as he moved his lips down over her jawline and neck, leaving sloppy open mouthed kisses that made her squirm in their wake. “You know what we should do?” Another slight moan in response. This time he moved the top of her dress aside so he could get at the top of her breasts. “We should break into the school... mess around under the bleachers again...”

His movements came to a slow stop as his hazy brain tried to process what she had just said. When he removed his head to look at her she was smiling shyly up at him, biting her bottom her lip for good measure.

“We can't do that.” He told her, though he already sounded as though he could be easily persuaded otherwise and with her looking at him like that he was forgetting more and more why they couldn't with each passing second.

“Why not? Who's going to catch us... the Chief of Police?” She asked him flirtatiously. He smirked at her. “I'm just saying, talking as an ‘actual adult’...” He raised his eyebrows at the use of his own words from earlier. “... an ‘actual adult’ that is still feeling a little insecure, that what would make me feel really secure in our relationship right now...” Joyce leaned up onto her tiptoes so she could whisper the next words directly against his lips that were hanging open slightly in anticipation: “...is if you would *fuck* me under the bleachers like you used when we were teenagers.”

Hopper closed his eyes and made a noise that sounded almost wounded. One would need the resolve of a saint to resist this woman and he knew he'd never be able to. When he opened his eyes again she was still looking up at him with her lip being teased between her teeth, still looking as if butter wouldn't melt and he was a complete

goner then. He sighed in defeat and turned her round effortlessly. He guided her towards the direction of the car, walking close behind her, his arms wrapped around waist and his groin rubbing uncomfortably against her back with each step. It would be a miracle if they even made it to the school at this rate.

“If we get caught by anyone Horowitz I am blaming you entirely for this.” He teased her gently with the use of her maiden name, the name he used to call her when they were in High School. Joyce’s laughter echoed across the whole of the parking lot.

It certainly wasn’t an anniversary he was going to forget in a hurry.